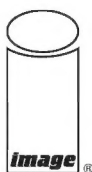


SPAWN



Capullo

AM FARIANE



82

DIGITAL
EDITION

TODD MCFARLANE AND IMAGE COMICS PRESENTS...

DEVIL INSIDE PART II



PLOT

Todd McFarlane
Brian Holguin

STORY

Brian Holguin

PENCILER

Greg Capullo

INKER

Danny Miki

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managing editor
TED ADAMS

editorial coordinator
MELANIE SIMMONS

art director
BRENT ASHE

designers
JOHN GALLAGHER
BOYD WILLIAMS

SPAWN 81 Summary

To everyone in the community, Mark Lucas was a good kid. He was always polite, attended church, did well in school, was quiet and never caused any trouble. But one day he brought a gun to church, shot a few people and later took his own life. Meanwhile, Sam and Twitch try to unravel the mystery of Billy Kincaid's apparent ghostly return and Cog and Spawn do some detective work on their own relating to the strange brands they have seen on the latest victims. Are all the seemingly isolated deaths somehow related?


DEDICATED TO
Sammy Sosa



KINKAD!

HEARD
YOU
MISSED
ME...

**I'M
BACK!**

A comic book panel showing Spawn in a cage made of chains and wooden beams. He is wearing his signature red cape and has a menacing expression. In the background, there are other characters, including one with a large, pale, featureless face and another with a large, green, glowing eye. The scene is set in a dark, industrial environment.

AWW... THAT'S NOT
A HAPPY FACE! NO
BALLOONS? NO ICE
CREAM? AREN'T YOU
GLAD TO SEE ME,
SPAWN?

KINCAID,
YOU SONUVABITCH!
YOU'RE BEHIND
THIS? I'LL RIP
YOUR--

UH-UH-UH...
PLAY NICE,
SPAWN.

SHLANG

KLANK

UHG!
DAMMIT,
KINCAID!
WHAT'S
YOUR
GAME?

HAVEN'T
YOU FIGURED IT
OUT? I MADE ME
A DEAL, TOO!
HARVESTING
SOULS FOR THE
BIG "M." SIX
MORE AND I
GET A PUP
TENT!
HA HA!

MALEBOLGIA
SENDS HIS LOVE
BY THE WAY...

WHAT'S THE
MATTER? YOU LOOK
A LITTLE SICK THERE,
PAL. GOTTA
HEADACHE?

I'LL BE HONEST.
I WAS KINDA SORE
ABOUT YOU KILLING
ME AND ALL. I MEAN,
THAT ICE CREAM
SCOOPER REALLY
HURT... *

*SPAWN #5.

THUD!



...BUT IT
TURNS OUT
TO BE THE BEST
THING THAT EVER
HAPPENED TO ME.
I GUESS THIS
IS WHAT THEY
CALL "IRONY."
huh?

IT'S A LOT
EASIER THAN I
THOUGHT. ONLY
TAKES A LITTLE
PUSH TO TURN
MOST PEOPLE
INTO KILLERS...

GOD DAMN,
IT'S SO SWEET
WHEN THEY
SUFFER... *I*
SCREAM, THEY
SCREAM...
Hee-Hee-Hee!

BUT YOU
KNOW THAT,
DON'T YOU? OK,
YEAH... THAT'S
RIGHT, BUDDY. *I'M*
THE ONE WHO'S
BEEN INSIDE
YOUR HEAD.

I KNOW
EVERYTHING,
SIMMONS. AND
I'M GONNA MAKE
SURE I HURT YOU
WHERE YOU LIVE.
BUT NOT
YET...



"I'LL LEAVE YOU
A COUPLE THINGS
TO THINK ABOUT..."

"WE'RE JUST
GETTING STARTED.
THINGS ARE GOING
TO GET *REAL BAD,*
REAL FAST.



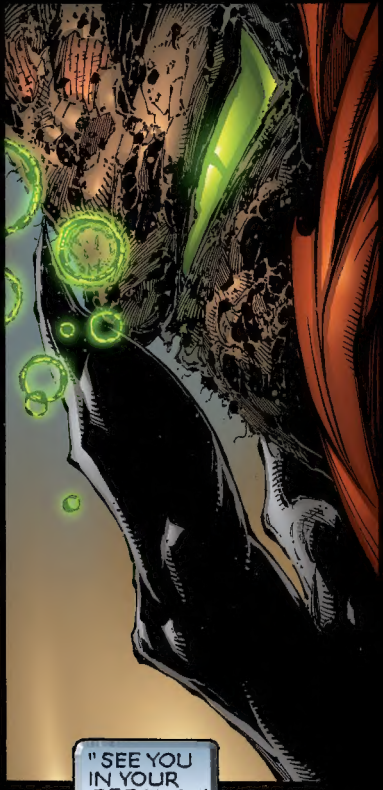
"A LOT OF
PEOPLE
ARE GOING
TO *DIE...*"



"AND IT'S GOING TO BE
ALL YOUR FAULT!"



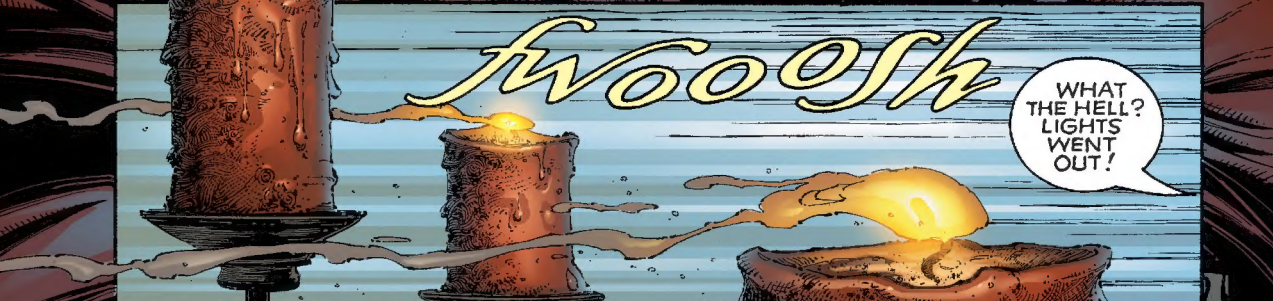
"HUGS AND
KISSES.
SPAWNY."



"SEE YOU
IN YOUR
DREAMS."



HOLD
IT RIGHT
THERE,
PSYCHO!







>Ahem<
FORGIVE ME,
MR. SIMMONS...
er... **SPAWN**... I
NEED TO SPEAK
TO YOU,
PLEASE...

TWITCH?
WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING
HERE?

I DON'T
LIKE
PEOPLE
SNEAKING
UP
ON ME. HOW
DID YOU
KNOW
WHERE
TO FIND
ME?

I DON'T
KNOW. IT'S STRANGE.
THE INFORMATION WAS
INSIDE MY HEAD SOME-
HOW. LIKE THE WAY I
KNOW MY PHONE
NUMBER, OR WHAT
COLOR "BLUE" IS.

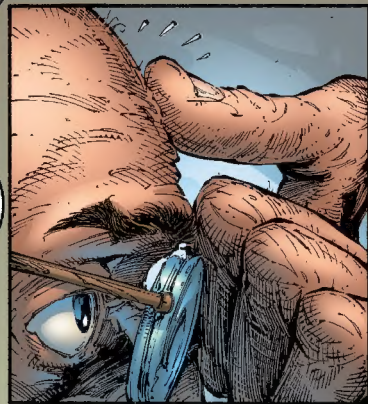
I JUST
KNEW.

YOU
EXPECT
ME TO
BELIEVE
THAT?



I DON'T
PROFESS TO HAVE A
LOGICAL EXPLANATION.
BUT LATELY I SEEM TO
KNOW A LOT OF THINGS I
SHOULDN'T. A KIND
OF SIXTH SENSE,
ALMOST.

IT'S BEEN
THAT WAY
EVER SINCE I
WAS **SHOT**. EVER
SINCE YOU
SAVED MY
LIFE. *



* SPAWN 78.



WHATEVER.
WHY ARE YOU HERE?
WHERE'S THAT WALKING
HEART ATTACK
YOU CALL A
PARTNER?

HE DOESN'T
KNOW I'M HERE.
IT'S ABOUT THIS
BOX... THERE'S...
WELL, THERE'S A
SEVERED HEAD
IN IT. A GIFT
FROM **BILLY**
KINCAID.**

WE DIDN'T
KNOW WHAT TO
DO WITH IT. WE
CAN'T EXACTLY
GO TO THE
POLICE...

* SPAWN 80.



FINE.
I'LL TAKE
CARE OF IT.
ANYTHING
ELSE.

I KNOW
WHAT'S
GOING ON. I
KNOW ABOUT
KINCAID... HE'S
BACK SOME-
HOW TO TAKE
REVENGE ON
ALL WHO
WRONGED
HIM...

YOUR
"SIXTH
SENSE"
TELL YOU
THAT,
TOO?

I THOUGHT
KILLING HIM
WAS THE RIGHT
THING TO DO. IT
ONLY MADE HIM
STRONGER...



YOU MADE
A JUDGMENT.
YOU DID WHAT YOU
THOUGHT WAS RIGHT
AND IT TURNED OUT
TERRIBLY WRONG. I
UNDERSTAND.

YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND
JACK.



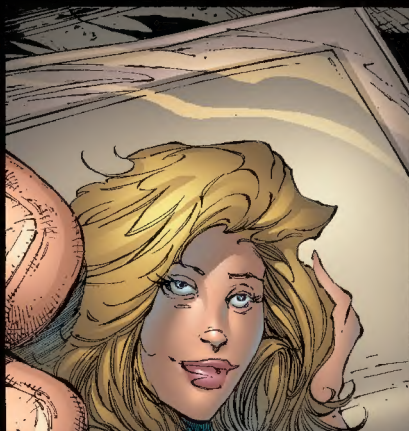
I BELIEVE
I DO. I KNOW
WHO YOU ARE...
I'VE READ YOUR
FILE. I KNOW
THE **MAN** YOU
WERE.

I KNOW YOU
BELIEVED IN THINGS
LIKE **HONOR** AND **DUTY**,
AND THEY WEREN'T
ENOUGH TO
SAVE YOU.

I KNOW ABOUT
WANDA. AND TERRY.
I KNOW YOU LOST YOUR
WIFE. I KNOW YOU
WATCHED THE PEOPLE
YOU LOVE SLIP FROM
YOUR GRASP...

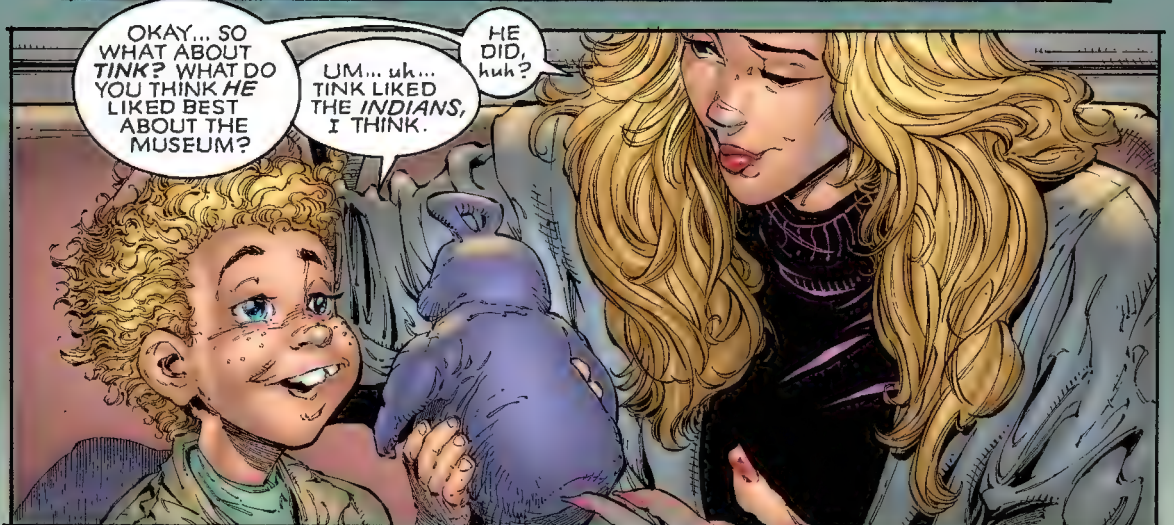
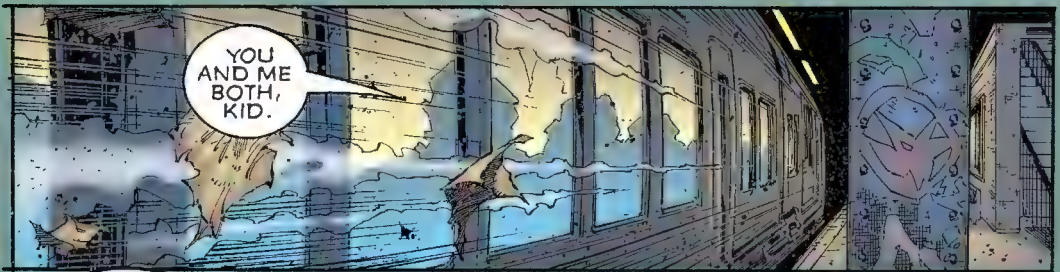
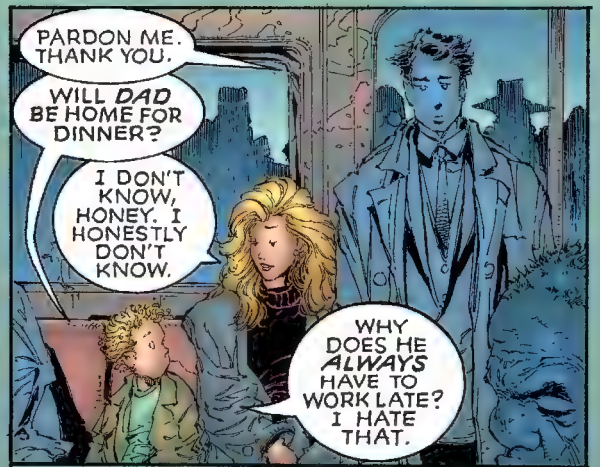
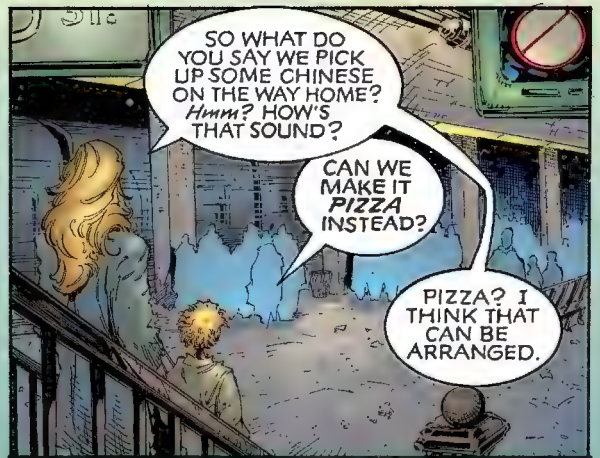
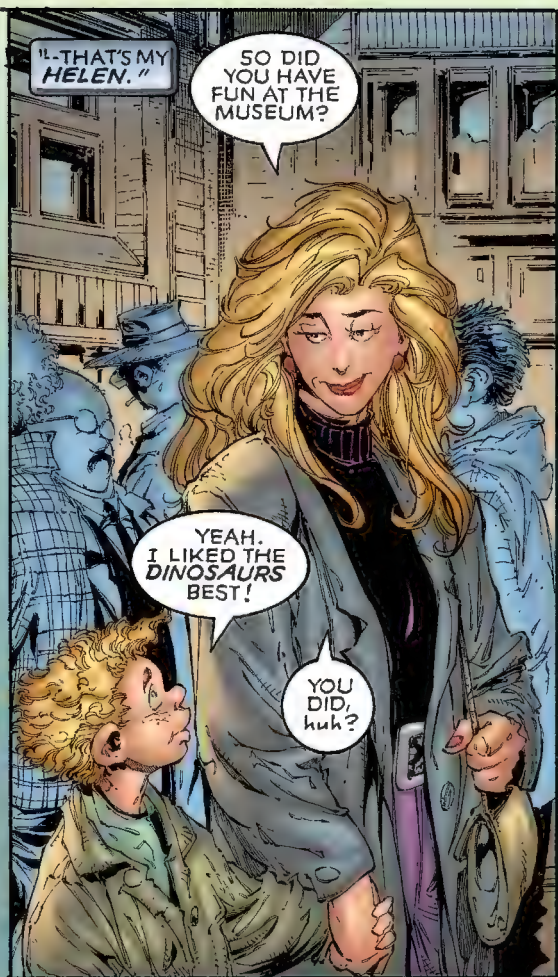


...AND I
HAVE TO
TELL YOU, I
THINK I CAN
UNDERSTAND
EXACTLY
HOW THAT
FEELS.



YOUR
WIFE?
SHE'S
PRETTY.

YEAH.
THAT'S
HER...





WHAT
WAS
THAT?

SOUNDED
LIKE A
GUNSHOT.

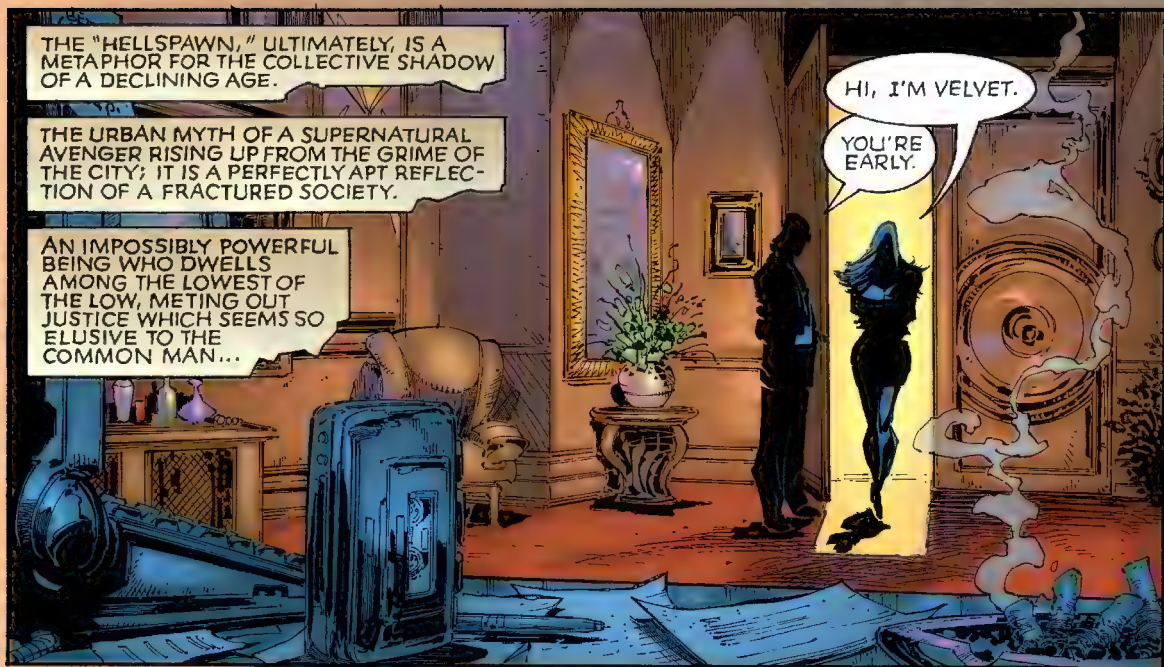
Oh,
GREAT.

LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN,
MAY I PLEASE
HAVE YOUR
ATTENTION. WE
REGRET TO INFORM
YOU THAT THIS
TRAIN HAS BEEN
UNAVOIDABLY
DELAYED...

THE "HELLSPAWN," ULTIMATELY, IS A METAPHOR FOR THE COLLECTIVE SHADOW OF A DECLINING AGE.

THE URBAN MYTH OF A SUPERNATURAL AVENGER RISING UP FROM THE GRIME OF THE CITY; IT IS A PERFECTLY APT REFLECTION OF A FRACTURED SOCIETY.

AN IMPOSSIBLY POWERFUL BEING WHO DWELLS AMONG THE LOWEST OF THE LOW, METING OUT JUSTICE WHICH SEEMS SO ELUSIVE TO THE COMMON MAN...



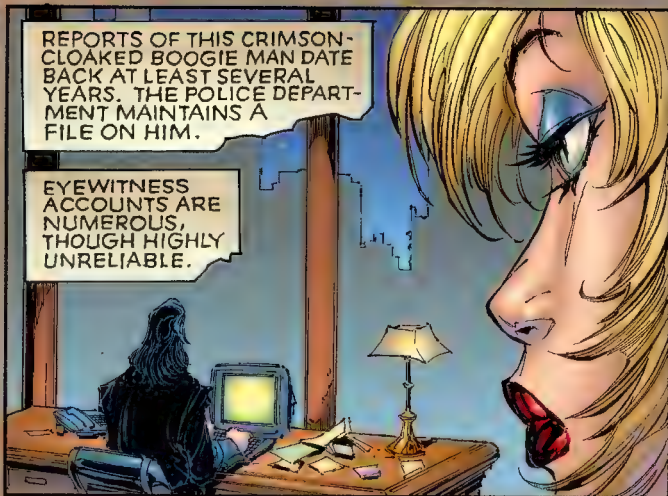
SO WHERE DO YOU WANT TO--
I'M WORKING.



... WHO LURKS IN EVERY SHADOW, WHO KNOWS OUR DARKEST SECRETS ...

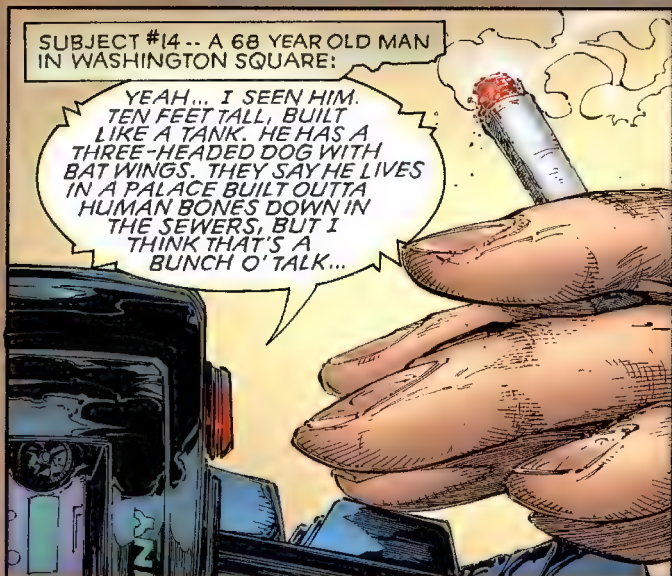
REPORTS OF THIS CRIMSON-CLOAKED BOOGIE MAN DATE BACK AT LEAST SEVERAL YEARS. THE POLICE DEPARTMENT MAINTAINS A FILE ON HIM.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS ARE NUMEROUS, THOUGH HIGHLY UNRELIABLE.



SUBJECT #14 -- A 68 YEAR OLD MAN IN WASHINGTON SQUARE:

YEAH... I SEEN HIM. TEN FEET TALL, BUILT LIKE A TANK. HE HAS A THREE-HEADED DOG WITH BAT WINGS. THEY SAY HE LIVES IN A PALACE BUILT OUTTA HUMAN BONES DOWN IN THE SEWERS, BUT I THINK THAT'S A BUNCH O' TALK...





WHAT'S IT ABOUT?
WHAT YOU'RE WRITING.

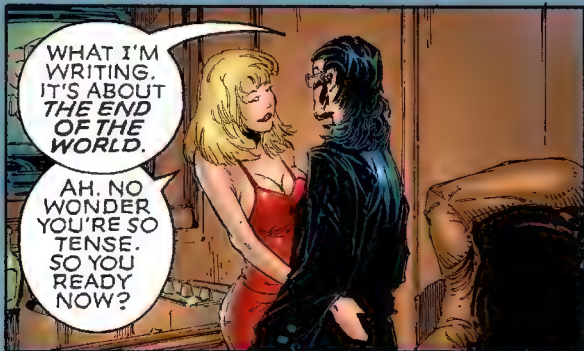
IT'S ABOUT A HOOKER WITH A HEART OF GOLD. I'LL SEND YOU A COPY.

DON'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT. I HAVE A MASTERS FROM VASSAR, SMART-ASS. I'M JUST HERE TO PAY THE BILLS. BY THE WAY, THE CLOCK IS RUNNING.



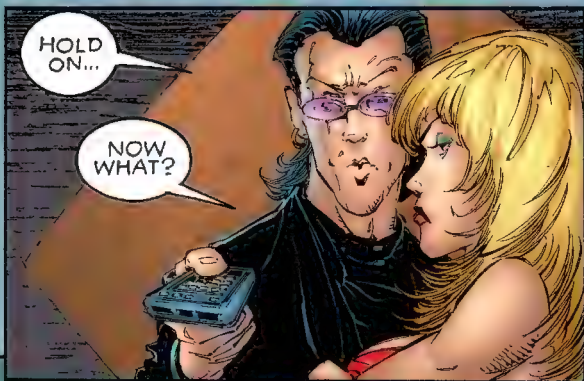
THE END OF THE WORLD.

WHAT?



WHAT I'M WRITING. IT'S ABOUT THE END OF THE WORLD.

AH. NO WONDER YOU'RE SO TENSE. SO YOU READY NOW?



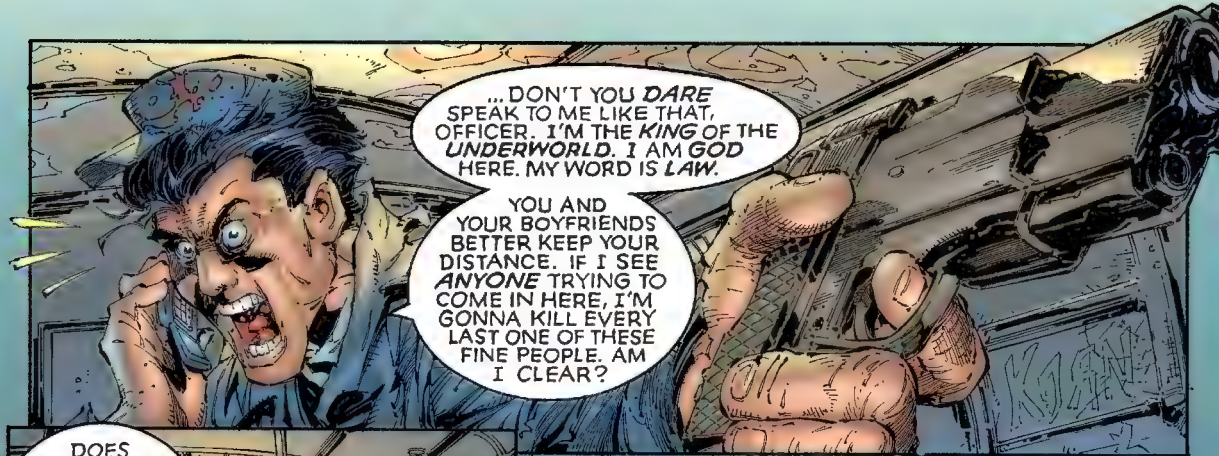
HOLD ON...

NOW WHAT?



I SAID HOLD ON.

...WHERE AN ARMED MAN IS APPARENTLY HOLDING A TRAIN FULL OF PASSENGERS HOSTAGE. POLICE ARE TRYING TO NEGOTIATE HIS SURRENDER BUT HAVE SO FAR BEEN UNSUCCESSFUL...



... DON'T YOU **DARE** SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT, OFFICER. I'M THE **KING OF THE UNDERWORLD**. I AM GOD HERE. MY WORD IS **LAW**.

YOU AND YOUR BOYFRIENDS BETTER KEEP YOUR DISTANCE. IF I SEE **ANYONE** TRYING TO COME IN HERE, I'M GONNA KILL EVERY LAST ONE OF THESE FINE PEOPLE. AM I CLEAR?



DOES EVERYONE UNDERSTAND WHO'S IN CHARGE? I AM THE **LORD GOD**, YOUR SAVIOR. I AM THE CAPTAIN OF YOUR DESTINIES!

HELL, SCREW **TOM WOLFE**... I AM THE **FRIGGIN' MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE**.



GOT IT?

BAM BAM



AWW... **JEZUS!**

DISAPPOINTED. TERRIBLY DISAPPOINTED. NOW, I GOTTA ASK YOU PEOPLE...

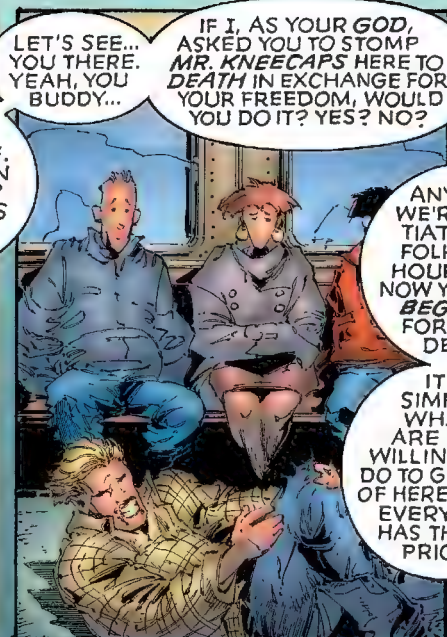


"ANYONE ELSE HERE WANT TO BE A HERO?"



NO? GOOD. SO LET'S PLAY A GAME. IT'S CALLED "WHO WANTS TO GET OUT OF THE SUBWAY TRAIN ALIVE?"

LET'S SEE WHO REALLY WANTS TO LIVE. WE'LL BARGAIN FOR IT. OKAY? NEGOTIATIONS ARE NOW OPEN.



LET'S SEE... YOU THERE. YEAH, YOU BUDDY...

IF I, AS YOUR **GOD**, ASKED YOU TO STOMP **MR. KNEECAPS** HERE TO **DEATH** IN EXCHANGE FOR YOUR FREEDOM, WOULD YOU DO IT? YES? NO?

ANYONE? WE'RE NEGOTIATING, FOLKS. AN HOUR FROM NOW YOU'LL BE **BEGGING** FOR THIS DEAL.

IT'S SIMPLE. WHAT ARE YOU WILLING TO DO TO GET OUT OF HERE **ALIVE**? EVERYONE HAS THEIR PRICE.



WHAT ABOUT YOU, LADY? CUTE KID YOU GOT THERE. WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SONNY?

I BET YOUR MOM LOVES YOU A WHOLE LOT, huh? I BET SHE'D DO JUST ABOUT ANYTHING TO KEEP YOU FROM AN EARLY GRAVE. AM I RIGHT?



WHAT'S THAT SAYING? ONLY THE **GOOD** DIE YOUNG? YOU A GOOD BOY, KID?

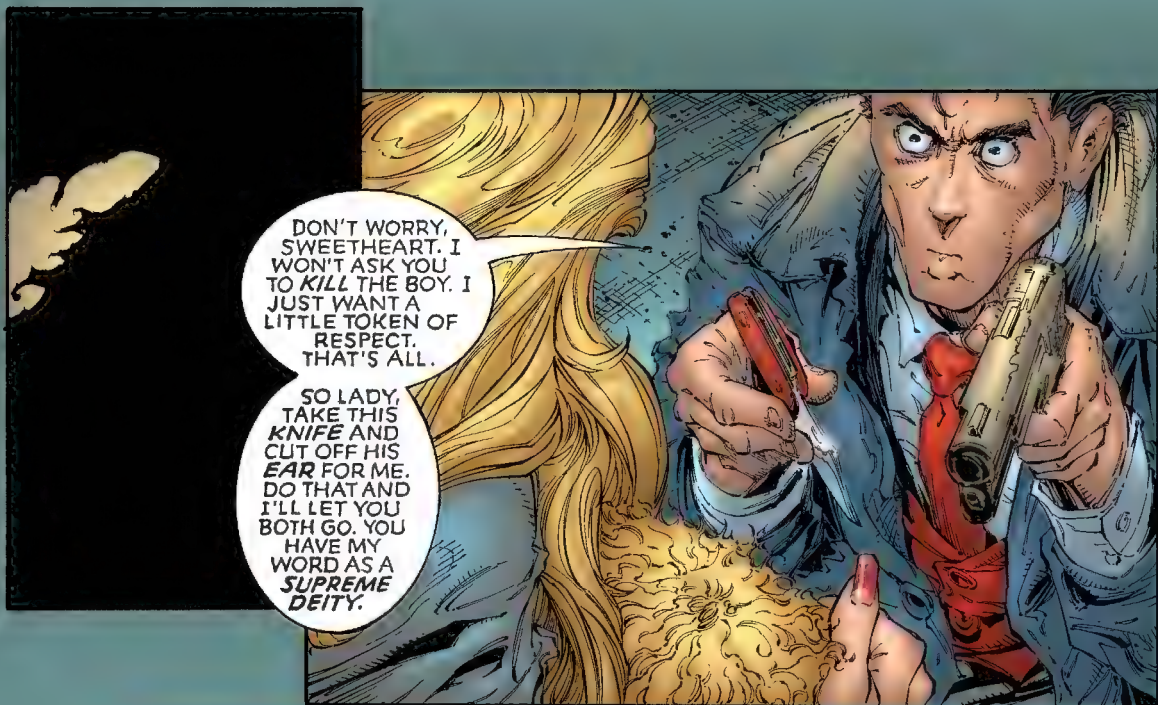
GET AWAY FROM HIM. YOU'RE SICK!



I AM GOD! THERE'S NO ESCAPING ME.

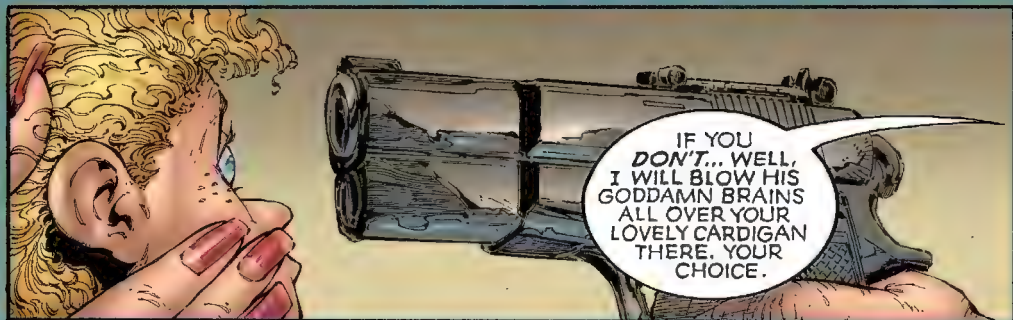
DO YOU REMEMBER THE **BIBLE**? REMEMBER WHERE GOD TELLS ABRAHAM TO KILL HIS OWN SON TO SHOW THE BIG MAN A LITTLE RESPECT? **HUH?!**

DIDN'T YOU TEACH YOUR BOY HIS BIBLE, LADY?

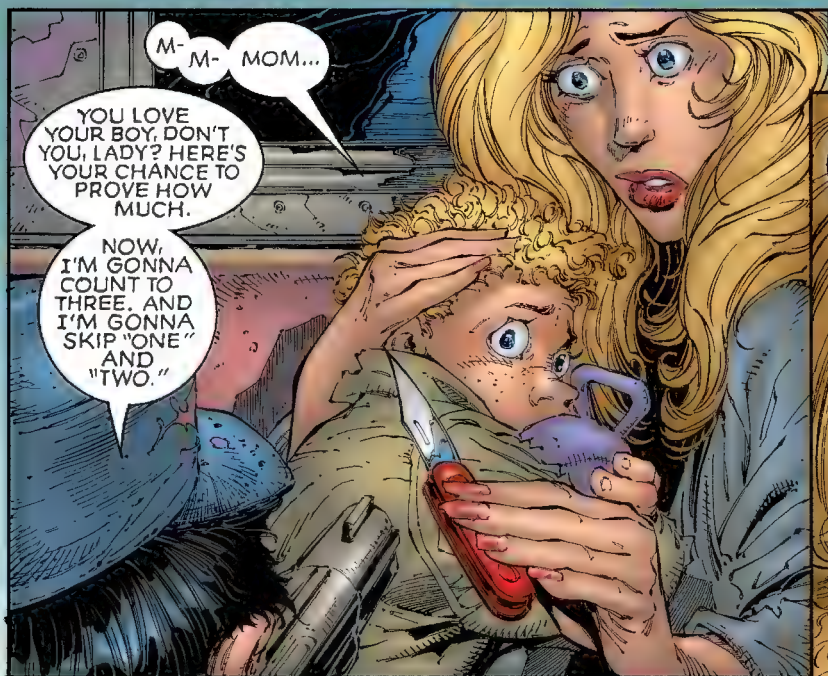


DON'T WORRY, SWEETHEART. I WON'T ASK YOU TO KILL THE BOY. I JUST WANT A LITTLE TOKEN OF RESPECT. THAT'S ALL.

SO LADY, TAKE THIS *KNIFE* AND CUT OFF HIS *EAR* FOR ME. DO THAT AND I'LL LET YOU BOTH GO. YOU HAVE MY WORD AS A *SUPREME DEITY*.



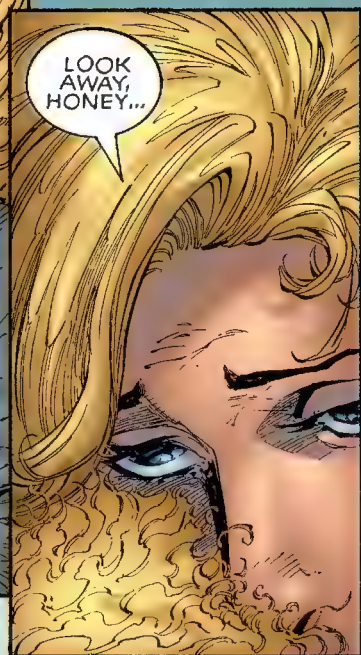
IF YOU *DON'T...* WELL, I WILL BLOW HIS GODDAMN BRAINS ALL OVER YOUR LOVELY CARDIGAN THERE. YOUR CHOICE.



M- M- MOM...

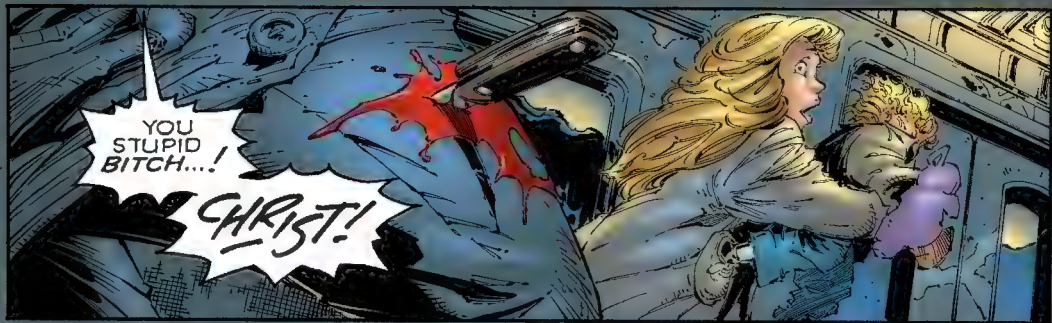
YOU LOVE YOUR BOY, DON'T YOU, LADY? HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE HOW MUCH.

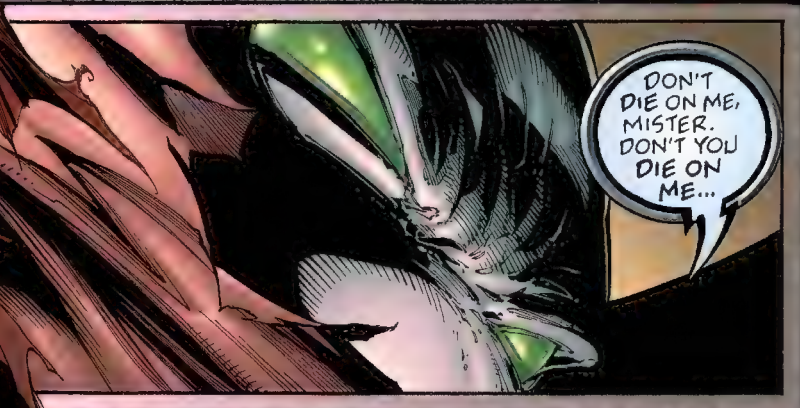
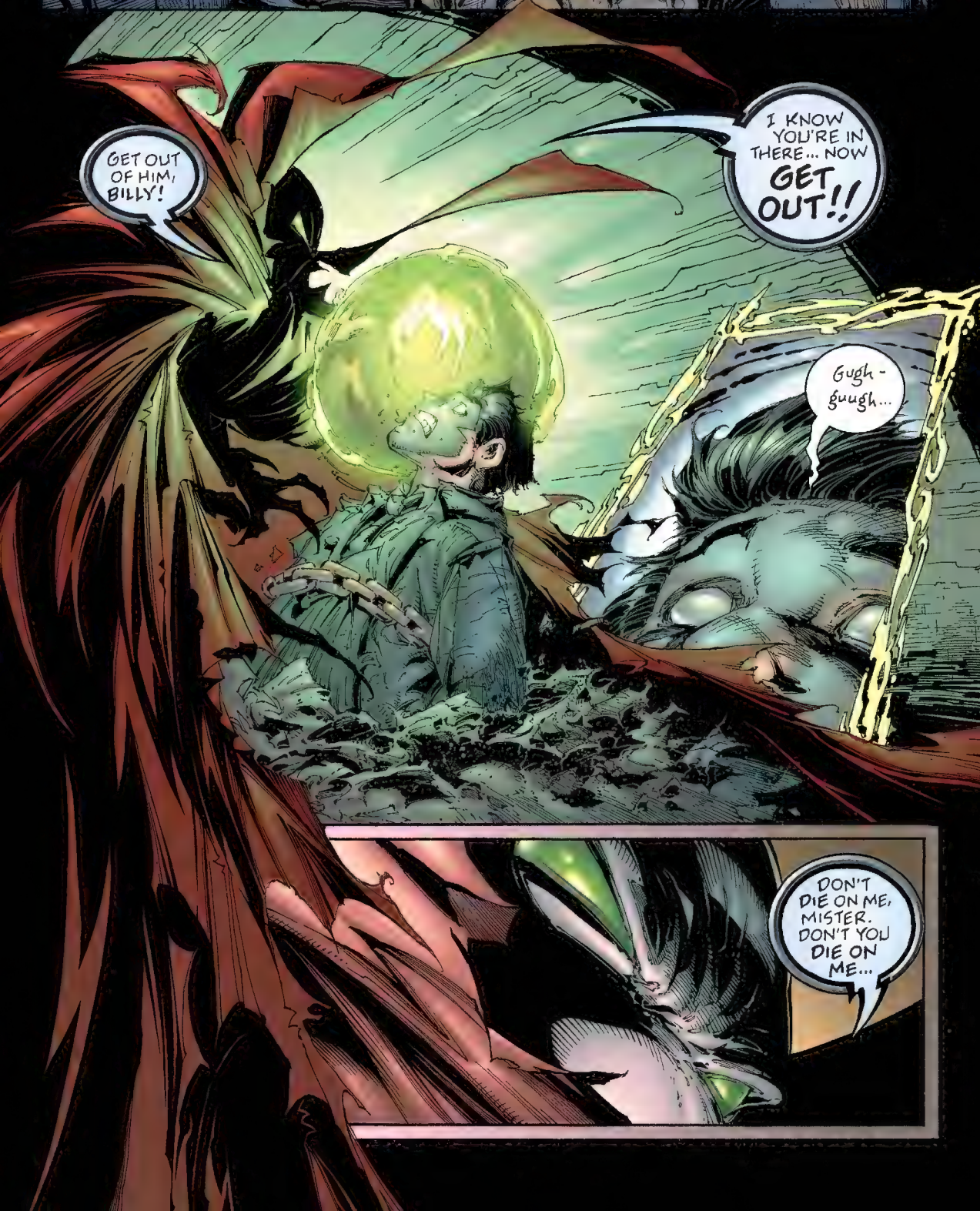
NOW, I'M GONNA COUNT TO THREE. AND I'M GONNA SKIP "ONE" AND "TWO."

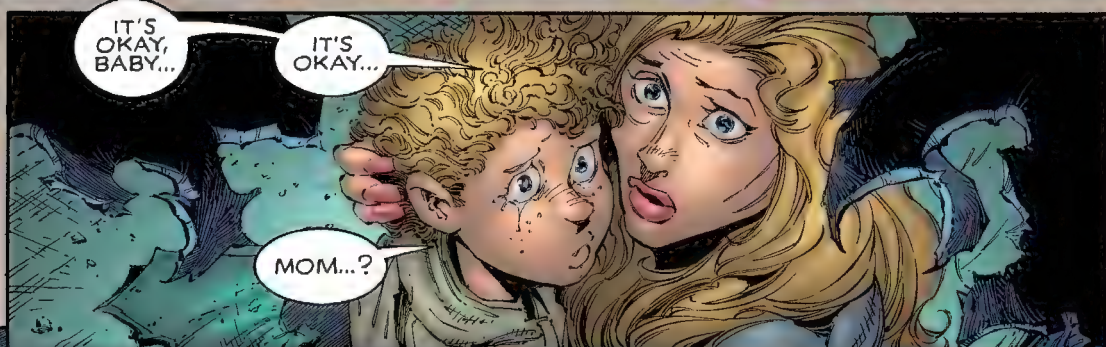
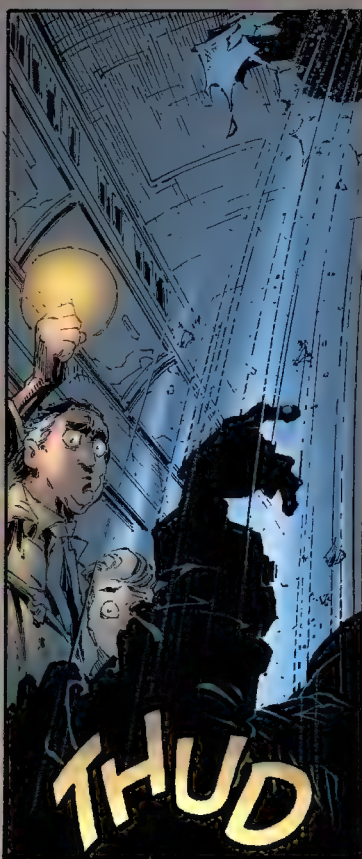


LOOK AWAY, HONEY...

WAAAAH!









QUEENS, NEW YORK.
THE FOLLOWING DAY.
TWILIGHT.

UPPIE,
GRANNA!
UPPIE!

READY
FOR SOME
COFFEE,
GRANNY?

THAT
WOULD
BE LOVELY,
WANDA.
THANK
YOU.

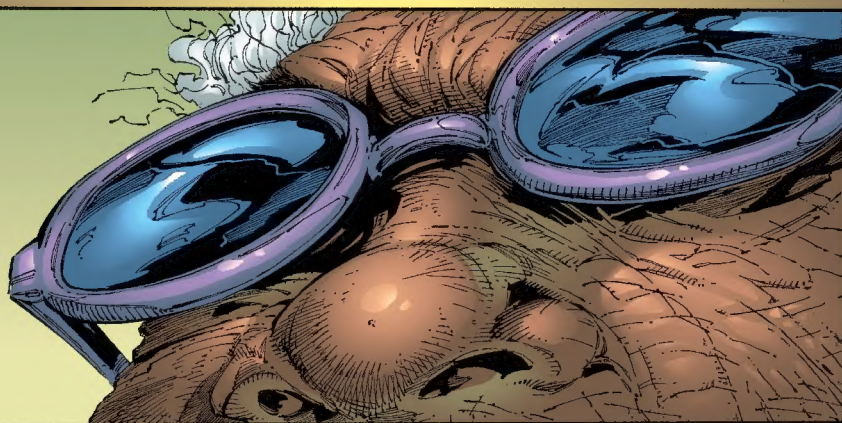
CYAN,
WOULD
YOU LIKE
A JUICE
BOX?

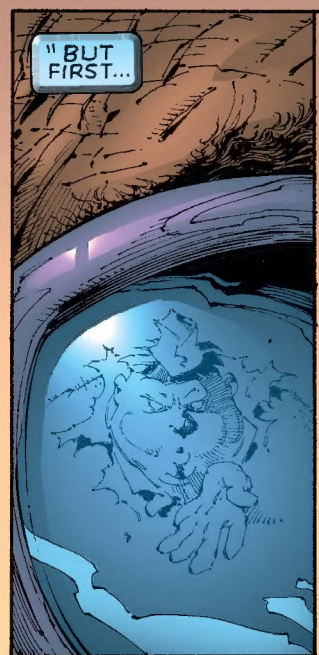
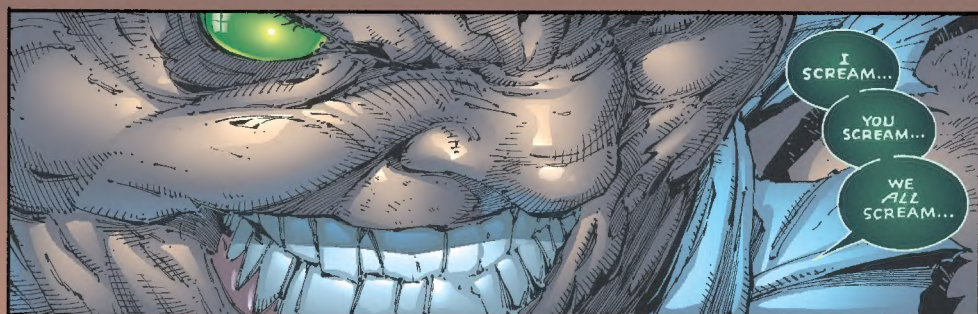
YES.
PEESE.

SUCH GOOD
MANNERS,
CYAN. YOU ARE
GROWING UP
INTO SUCH A
BEAUTIFUL GIRL.
YOU LOOK JUST
LIKE YOUR
MOTHER.

HOW
DO YOU
KNOW?

WHA'S
WRONG,
GRANNY?





"...I KNOW
SOMEONE
WE CAN
HAVE SOME
REAL FUN
WITH..."



NEXT: THE RETURN OF
JASON WYNN



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE